



thing for his passage, which very much pleased little Whittington, as he wanted sadly to see London, for he had often heard the streets were paved with gold, and his intention was to get a hatful of it: But how great was his disappointment, poor boy, when he saw the streets covered with dirt instead of gold, and found himself in a strange place, without food, without friends, and without money! For though the waggoner

was

was kind enough to let him walk all the way to town by the side of his waggon for nothing, he took care not to know him when he got there, so the poor lad was in a little time so exceedingly distressed, that his life became a burthen to him, and he frequently wished to be again in the country by a warm fire side.

In this state of distress, Dick asked charity of several people; one of them said, *Go to work, you idle rogue.* That I will, says he, with all my heart; I'll work for you if you'll let me. The man thinking the expression impertinent (though in fact the boy intended only to shew his readiness to work) gave him so violent a blow on his head with his walking stick, that the blood ran plentifully down his face.

In this pitiable situation, and half dead for want of food, he laid himself down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a merchant. Cicely, the

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